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THE VIRGIL
POCKET BOOK



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THE VIRGIL POCKET BOOK

(Vergilii Musa Consolatrix)

ARRANGED BY
S. E. WINBOLT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ARTHUR SIDGWICK

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE been asked by the compiler of these extracts to write a few words of introduction. If I cannot refuse such a request from a friend and former pupil, I may be allowed to say that I comply, not in the least as claiming or possessing any title to speak with authority, but only as one among a multitude of fellow students of Virgil, and one who shares their love and admiration of the poet.

The fame of Virgil has few parallels in literary history. If we except one or two phases of criticism, of no permanent importance, and ending in a better and wider appreciation, his position as one

of the few supreme poets has been for nineteen centuries unshaken. A classic from the first, he had become by Juvenal's time 'the poet'; and in the dark ages he was revered as a sort of great magician, whose chance words were oracles. Still more remarkable has been his influence on poets and poetically-minded men. To Dante he was the Master and Guide; he haunted the memories of men as diverse as Augustine, Fénelon, and Savonarola, at moments of crisis in their lives; he was more deeply studied than any other ancient by Dryden and Wordsworth: and in our own time Keble, Newman, Tennyson, Sellar, William Morris, Charles Bowen, and Frederic Myers, have left striking records of the singular spell laid by Virgil on men whose genius and gifts were otherwise unlike.

This consensus of widely-differing ages

and personalities points conclusively to the presence in Virgil's poems of some exquisiteness of feeling, thought, music and expression, such as is the mark of the highest poetry, and can never perhaps be fully analysed.

Of the many who might like to possess a short selection of memorable lines or passages of such a poet, no two, perhaps, if they made their own extracts, would exactly agree. But I do not think that this fact diminishes the interest which a lover of Virgil would take in a selection like the present; it might even more probably increase it. A large proportion of the extracts would inevitably appear in any such collection; and as to the remainder, the reader might well find an added interest in considering the passages he would not himself have chosen: and reflection might lead him to see them in a new light. All real

lovers of poetry know how much they have gained by weighing the appreciations and preferences of other students, whether expressed in written criticisms, or still more perhaps in private discussion.

If some such service could be rendered, even to a few readers, by this little volume, I cannot doubt that the editor would feel amply rewarded.

A. SIDGWICK.

PREFACE

THESE pages are intended for two sets of readers. It is hoped, first, that they will meet the eye of scholars who will rejoice to renew their acquaintance with many of the finest lines that Virgil wrote : and second, that many thoughtful men, who have little Latin, will through them come to know some of the pure and humane wisdom enshrined in the poetry of the Mantuan. Hence the translation, which I thought well to make for myself, choosing prose rather than verse partly because to attempt to reproduce the fascination of his style is to labour with Sisyphus, partly because the full connotation of Virgil's words can be given more easily than is the case when the version is trammelled by the necessities of versification. It would be

difficult to arrange the passages chosen according to a perfectly logical classification, but it is hoped that the headings adopted may be serviceable. They seem to me to express the essence of the consolation contained in the passages grouped under them. On the whole the progress is from the more material to the higher ideals, though there is necessarily some overlapping between the different sections.

Happily we have outlived the days when the fine arts were all but proscribed and the solemn peal of the organ was superstitious; and there are now living comparatively few precisians who would refuse to gather comfort from the words of a pagan poet because the names of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo are found faintly alloying his pure ethical gold. If we frankly recognise 'the pure and humane spirit' of Virgil's teaching, we are but walking in the footsteps of the better Christians of the early Latin church, and of Christian writers of the stamp of Augustine and Bede.

Whether this little pocket book finds many readers or few, the excuse offered for its appearance is to be found in Dante's tribute to Virgil, 'The great love that made me search thy volume.' It is fair to add that Mr. Sidgwick is in no way responsible for the general plan of this book, the selection of passages, or their arrangement under headings, or the translations. His kindly interest in these pages is explained by himself.

S. E. WINBOLT.

Christ's Hospital,
West Horsham, Dec. 1906



VIRGIL AS CONSOLER

THE Sussex Downs are enchanted ground for the pedestrian. He may take them in their length from Beacon Hill to Beachy Head, keeping along their northern edge with the prospect of the blue Weald always there to charm the idle mind ; he may mount them at Amberley and descend at old-world Steyning ; he may prefer their southern slopes, within view of fruit-bearing flats and the sea. He may often do each and all of these, and grow to think that he knows, as well as loves, his Sussex Downs. But let him one day, standing on their northern escarpment where, like the crest of a south-west driven wave, they threaten to break over the wooded weald—let him conceive the idea of tramping over their unequalled turf from north to south,

from Bignor perhaps to Chichester, from Chanctonbury Ring to neolithic Cissbury, from the Long Man of Wilmington to Beachy Head, and he will be sure to find the *aliquid novi*, the fresh something that will repay him.

Thus it is with the editor of this little volume and his Virgil. Many a time has he travelled, sometimes alone, more often in the congenial company of his 'Grecians,' over the lofty and loved heights of Virgil's Parnassus, now in their full length, now over some chosen stretch; but he is to-day minded to cross them in a particular direction. Perhaps the route chosen may bring to light some scrap of freshness, afford some new view of Virgilian ethics. But, however this may be, the walk will have its own native attractions.

A word or two may be said of Virgil's consolatory Muse. I have no wish to bury Virgil under a mound of comment, for, even apart from their contexts, these passages may

be trusted to tell their own story. I have withstood the temptation to quote some of the parallels in modern prose and poetry that abundantly suggest themselves, or to say anything of the many different sets of circumstances in life which would give keen edge to many of Virgil's phrases. It may profit, however, for a moment to examine the ethical content of this anthology. Have the nineteen centuries that have elapsed since Virgil penned these words in the quiet of his retired life at Nola and Naples, his *secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae*, estranged our ears from his comfortable words?

The difficulty of consoling a friend's grief is a commonplace of morals. Two conspicuous attempts in literature may be briefly noticed: the letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero on the news of the death of Cicero's daughter, and Coleridge's letter to Charles Lamb after the tragic death of Lamb's mother. Sulpicius' letter is deservedly admired, because it seems to have gathered together all the

balm human philosophy can apply to severe afflictions. But, as its author writes, 'offices of this kind afford at best but a wretched relief.' The would-be consoler cannot fail to be sensible of his narrow limitations. He feels that he can hardly hope really to soften and subdue the anguish of a bereavement, or do more than help to silence the clamours of sorrow, until Time, the kindly god, lays healing hand on the wound. He feels, too, that the best he can say must sound trite, and only ventures to offer his reflections, because in his discomposure of mind, the sufferer is not unlikely to miss even the most obvious thoughts. Coleridge's letter was so successful in its kind that Lamb called it 'an inestimable treasure.' Its closing words run thus:—
'I look upon you as a man called by sorrow and anguish and a strange desolation of hopes into quietness, and a soul set apart and made peculiar to God; we cannot arrive at any portion of heavenly bliss without in some measure imitating Christ. And they arrive

at the largest inheritance who imitate the most difficult parts of his character, and bowed down and crushed under foot, cry in fulness of faith, "Father, thy will be done."

'I wish above measure to have you for a little while here—no visitants shall blow on the nakedness of your feelings—you shall be quiet, and your spirit may be healed. I see no possible objection, unless your father's helplessness prevent you, and unless you are ^{be} necessary to him. If this be not the case, I charge you write me that you will come.

'I charge you, my dearest friend, not to dare to encourage gloom or despair—you are a temporary sharer in human miseries that you may be an eternal partaker of the Divine nature. I charge you, if by any means it be possible, come to me.'

Yet this letter (as Mr. Lucas points out), with a second consolatory note in a similar strain, gave rise to a passage of arms between the two friends, Lamb thinking it his duty to enter a protest against certain expressions

used by Coleridge, against 'a certain freedom of expression, a certain air of mysticism, more consonant to the conceits of pagan philosophy, than consistent with the humility of genuine piety.' Lamb closes: 'I am not insensible, indeed I am not, of the value of that first letter of yours, and I shall find reason to thank you for it again and again long after that blemish in it is forgotten. It will be a fine lesson of comfort to us, whenever we read it; and read it we often shall, Mary and I.'

And here we have the spectacle of a philosopher, a modern Boethius, in error. Where Coleridge blunders, who shall go right? In truth, consolation sounds the very depths of philosophy. To console is to descend into the deepest mysteries of life, to handle metaphysics; and yet—paradox as it may seem—in the presence of death how little is there to distinguish the philosopher from the fool!

To examine Virgil's contributions to the

philosophy of consolation is therefore to apply a crucial test, but those who know him best will have the greatest confidence in his coming triumphantly out of the ordeal. It will be obvious that all the phrases here quoted cannot be definitely attributed to Virgil as embodying his own aspirations. Something must be allowed for the various dramatic situations. In almost every case the language is put into the mouth of one or other of his *dramatis personae*. Consolation naturally differs with men's ideals. The farmer, the warrior, the statesman, the poet—each asks for different rewards and solaces. A Turnus or a Pallas would not thank you for the prize sought by a Tityrus or a Priam. Yet one may gather clearly enough to which aspirations Virgil would himself assign the highest place, although his reticence refuses to take us directly into his confidence with the frankness of a Cicero or a Horace. We do not go to Virgil for surface autobiography. What then is the indirect impression of him-

self stamped by Virgil on his poems? It does not reveal itself to the hurried reader. Rather is it a subtly permeating influence—like his own *tenuēs pluviae*—which makes itself felt only after years of habitual living with his poems, and which is even then better felt than described. Two points stand out. The golden coinage of his work stands the test of good art and good poetry: it rings clear with absolute sincerity. Such a man, surely, in our time of trial, we would have to give us of his strongest and best. Moreover, he is both many-sided and sensitive. His mildly melancholic, retiring, but deeply sympathetic nature, is just such a one as would note the rubs, little or great, of our work-a-day life, and then from a full and true heart hasten to reach out to us the balm of discerning compassion.

Indeed, Virgil's ideals of consolation are, on the whole, serenely high, and very little removed from Christian standards. In *Georgics* or *Aeneid* the good man in trouble

constantly reaps comfort from the assurance of divine help, or steels himself to supporting adversities with a pious 'Thy will be done!' His God is one who often extends his manifold mercies to his servant on earth, but certainly rewards the faithful in the life to come. Sorrow may be mitigated by the sympathy of a fellow man: *non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*. The hardships of life may be largely atoned for by the joy of children, the love of a lover, or the festive interchange of hospitality. Many a word of comfort does Virgil offer to the bereaved beside the bier. Death is not, but only a returning to divine elements; yet meanwhile let due burial rites and the honours of the sepulchre encourage the mourners to pour out their grief. The death of the warrior, if it be avenged or face to the foe, may lose its sting. The loftiest patriotism is a solace that the poet is ever ready to administer, whether in the form of a sensitive appreciation of a native country's natural blessings, or of doing and daring in

battle. Virgil, like Thomas Carlyle, is the apostle of work, and poet or peasant, lover or ruler, finds a generous reward in persevering toil. If there is one ethical truth that Virgil loves to inculcate more than another it is the blessedness of rest following righteous labour. So far the most scrupulous Christian could accept Virgil's ethical code. But it is when we come to the solace offered by fame that we hear the first characteristically pagan note. Fame—*Gloria*,—whether posthumous or to be enjoyed in a man's own lifetime, is practically omnipresent in the *Aeneid* as a motive of action. It holds, certainly, a higher place in the hearts of warriors and others than the best religions of to-day could approve. Judged by a pure standard of morals the maxim *famam extendere factis, hoc virtutis opus*, must ring discordantly; and yet, if we consider the chief motives of men's lives as we know them, we of the twentieth century are certainly not in a position to accuse Virgil of encouraging tawdry

ideals. John Milton, in *Lycidas*, sums up the Pagan and the Christian attitudes :

‘ Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days.’

To this point Virgil attained : but Milton advanced to a purer conception :

‘ Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies :
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.’

It would be expected of the poet of the *Georgics* that he should find stores of consolation in the peaceful life of the country. Much of what is most lasting in Virgil’s gentle and thoughtful eloquence or most haunting in his rhythms, comes spontaneously welling up when he reflects on the joys of a humble farm or a cottage garden. Speaking in the

strain of *O Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas!* the poet makes a direct appeal to the thousands of our countrymen whose thoughts are returning more and more to the land and the *latis otia fundis*.

But poetry, like a good picture, may obviously be consoling apart from sympathetic messages addressed to those in trouble. For the lover of poetry Virgil has a more subtle anodyne which he administers unconsciously in his elevated moods and pensive meditateness, and when he calls up before the mind, to quote Mr. Sellar, 'that spectacle of a statelier life and a more august order in the contemplation of which his spirit habitually lived.' If it be a solace to happen on your own better feelings reflected or happily expressed, to find some cherished thought or vague emotion wedded to memorable words, to enjoy the sympathy of a magnanimous spirit in your moments of wavering, to have pregnant utterance given to 'that pain and weariness yet hope of better things,' which is

the inheritance of the little breed of men, if there is unction in music, or in tears—then Virgil is a priest of indirect, vague, but real consolation, a comforter making the burden of life sit more easily on our shoulders.

A few words may be said as to the unique influence of Virgil on the history of European thought. The publication of his work produced an immediate effect: *il avait touché fortement la fibre Romaine*, says Sainte-Beuve. The Latin authors who came after him—from Livy to Tacitus—revered his memory as that of a great master, and from his death onwards to the day when the candle of classical learning was put out in Europe, a long line of lecturers and writers based their teaching on his poetry. Over early Christian writers, as over Dante, Virgil cast a spell. The Middle Ages glorified him into a saint. To quote Professor R. Y. Tyrrell: ‘He was placed among the Prophets in the Cathedral of Zamora, and invoked as Prophet of the Gentiles in Limoges and Rheims.’

When learning revived in Europe, Virgil again asserted his pre-eminence and found a place not only on the list of monastic studies, but also in the early annals of Scottish literature in the translation of Gawain Douglas. Between Milton and Lessing, while the French were the arbiters of learning, Virgil's prestige was undoubted, while Burke is a distinguished example of the great English orators who made notes for their speeches with his works at their elbow. In the sphere of education, modern England owes far more perhaps than she is willing to allow to the inspiration of Vergilius Maro.

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HUSBANDRY

HAPPY old man ! So the farm will still
be thine, and large enough for thee.
What though all around bare boulders and
marsh with its muddy sedge almost chokes up
thy pasture, yet the pregnant ewes will not
take harm from some strange herbage, and
will be safe from the touch of disease from a
neighbour's flock. Happy old man ! Here
islanded by your native rivers and holy
streams, thou wilt revel in the cool of the
shade. On this side, as of yore, the hedge-
row that is thy neighbour's boundary, where
bees of Hybla sip the willow-blossom, shall
sometimes lull you to slumber with their soft
hum ; on that, the woodman seated 'neath the
lofty cliff will carol to the breeze. Meanwhile
your pet ringdoves will hoarsely coo and coo,
and the turtle dove complain to the sky-aspir-
ing elm.

YET here thou mightst rest this night with
me on a couch of fresh leaves. Store
we have of ripe apples, mealy chestnuts, and

FORTUNATE senex, ergo tua rura manebunt.

et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus

limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco.

non insueta graves temptabunt pabula fetas,

nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.

fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota

et fontes sacros frigus captabis opacum.

hinc tibi, quae semper vicino ab limite saepes

Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti,

saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro ;

hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras :

nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,

nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

E. I, 46-58.

HIIC tamen hanc mecum poteris requiescere noctem

fronde super viridi : sunt nobis mitia poma,

milk curds in plenty. Even now the smoke curls up from yonder farm-house gables, and longer falls the shadow from the hill-top.

COME hither, beautiful boy. To pleasure thee, lo, the Nymphs are bringing lilies in basketfuls ; for thee the lovely Naiad culls pale violets and poppy heads, adding to the posy Narcissus and fragrant anise-flower. Next, twining them with casia and other sweet herbs, she sets off silken hyacinths with yellow marigolds. Myself will I gather quinces of silvery delicate down and the chestnuts that my Amaryllis used to love ; waxen-hued plums too—so shall this fruit also have its meed of honour. You, too, O ye laurels, will I pluck, and thee, myrtle, their sister, since posied side by side ye mingle your odours sweet.

AH ye farmers, fortunate, too fortunate were ye, did ye but know your own

castaneae molles et pressi copia lactis,
et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

E. 1, 79-83.

HUC ades, o formose puer: tibi lilia
plenis

ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis; tibi candida Nais,
pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
narcissum et florem iungit bene olentis anethi;
tum, casia atque aliis intexens suavis herbis,
mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.

ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala
castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis
amabat.

addam cerea pruna; honos erit huic quoque
pomo;

et vos, o lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte:
sic positae quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

E. 2, 45-55.

O FORTUNATOS nimium. sua si bona
norint,

blessedness ! On you the great and righteous earth afar from the clash of arms lavishes from its soil a light-won livelihood. True, no lofty proud-portalled mansion discharges from its full halls a vast tide of morning callers ; nor do ye stand agape at door-posts inlaid with tortoise-shell, at robes tricked out with gold, and statues of Corinthian bronze ; your white wool is not stained with Assyrian drugs, nor is clear olive oil spoilt for the table with cinnamon. Still ye enjoy a careless quiet and a life that knows not disappointment, that is rich in varied treasures ; ye know the peace of broad farmlands, your caves and living lakes, your valleys cool as Tempé, the lowing of kine, and slumber soft beneath the tree ; your woodland glades with cover for game, your young men trained to toil and simple wants, your holy rites and old men reverend. 'Twas amongst you Justice planted her last footsteps ere she fled the earth.

agricolas ! quibus, ipsa, procul discordibus
armis,

fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus.
si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam ;
nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postes,
inlusasque auro vestes, Ephyreïaque aera ;
alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi ;
at segura quies et nescia fallere vita,
dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
speluncae vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,
mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni
non absunt : illic saltus ac lustra ferarum,
et patiens operum exiguoque assueta iuventus ;
sacra deum sanctique patres : extrema per illos
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

G. 2, 458-74.

BLEST too is he who knows the country gods, Pan and Silvanus old and the sisterhood of Nymphs. Him no fasces of the people, no royal purple can sway, nor the quarrels that goad on brother to cheat brother, nor the Dacian swooping down from the leagued Danube, nor the glory of Rome and the fall of kingdoms. He feels neither a pang of pity for the poor, nor of envy for the rich. What fruits the boughs, what produce the fields of their own free will bring forth, that he gathers, without setting eyes on steel-graven laws, the madness of the forum, or the archives of the people.

THE farmer furrows the soil with curving plough. This sets him his year's work, by this he supports his country and his little grandchildren, his herd of oxen and his bullocks that serve him so well. No rest. The abundance of the season is now in fruit, now in young of the flock, or sheaves of

FORTUNATUS et ille deos qui novit
agrestes,

Panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque
sorores !

illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum
flexit, et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
aut coniurato descendens Dacus ab Istro ;
non res Romanae perituraque regna : neque
ille

aut doluit miserans inopem aut invidit
habenti.

quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
sponte tulere sua, carpsit ; nec ferrea iura,
insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.

G. 2, 493-502.

AGRICOLA incurvo terram dimovit
aratro :

hinc anni labor ; hinc patriam parvosque
nepotes
sustinet ; hinc armenta boum, meritosque
iuvencos.

nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus,

Ceres' corn-ear; it loads the furrow with produce, and makes the barns to overflow. Winter draws on : the berry of Sicyon is ground in the mill, the swine come home from their acorn feast, the woods yield their arbutuberries. Autumn offers its varied store, and aloft on the hills which catch the sun the vintage is ripened and mellowed.

BENEATH the lofty battlements of Tarentum, where black Galaesus waters golden cornfields, there I mind me I once saw an old swain of Corycus, the possessor of a few acres of waste land. His estate was poor soil, no grazing for cattle or for sheep, nor apt for vine-growing. Yet here amid the brambles he would set a patch of garden-stuff here and there, bordering it with white lilies and vervain and meagre poppies, and in his contentment he rivalled the splendour of kings. In the dusk of the evening turning his footsteps homeward he would load his board with unbought dainties. Spring's first

aut fetu pecorum, aut Cerealis mergite culmi ;
proventuque onerat sulcos, atque horrea
vincat.

venit hiemps : teritur Sicyonia bacca trapetis ;
glande sues laeti redeunt ; dant arbuta silvae ;
et varios ponit foetus autumnus : et alte
mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis.

G. 2, 513-22.

NAMQUE sub Oebaliae memini me turri-
bus arcis,

qua niger umectat flaventia culta Galaesus,
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relict
iugera ruris erant ; nec fertilis illa iuvencis,
nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda
Baccho.

hic rarum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum
lilia verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
regum aequabat opes animis ; seraque revertens
nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat
inemptis.

primus vere rosam atque autumn
poma ;

rose, autumn's first apple he would pluck ; and when surly winter was still cleaving the rocks with frost and checking with icy curb the gallop of the waters, my gardener was already cutting the blooms of hyacinth from their lush stems, chiding summer's late return and laggard westerly winds. So he was the first, too, with his brood of bees, and the riches of many a swarm, and first to squeeze into the bowl his honey frothing from the comb. Lime trees he had, and luxuriant pines, and every bud that his fruitful tree arrayed itself withal at the blossoming time in spring, it carried ripe in autumn. Nay more, he could transplant into rows full-grown elms, the hardy pear, and sloe stocks already bearing plums, and the plane already offering shade to his cronies over their wine.

et, quum tristis hiemps etiamnum frigore saxa
rumperet, et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
ille comam mollis iam tondebat hyacinthi,
aestatem increpitans seram zephyrosque mo-
rantes.

ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo
primus abundare, et spumantia cogere pressis
mella favis ; illi tiliae atque uberrima pinus ;
quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbor
induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.
ille etiam seras in verum distulit ulmos,
eduramque pirum, et spinos iam pruna ferentes,
iamque ministrantem platanum potantibus
umbras.

G. 4, 125-46.

F A M E

POSTHUMOUS FAME

SO long as the wild boar haunts mountain
craggs and fish swim in rivers, so long
as bees browse on thyme and grasshoppers
on dew, ever shall thy name and fame and
praises endure. As to Bacchus and to Ceres,
so to thee shall the farmer pay his vows as
the year comes round: thou too shalt grant
thy suppliant's prayer.

SMALL is the field of my work; but not
small the glory, by favour of the gods
when they cease to frown, and of Apollo
listening to invoking prayer.

HAPPY pair, if aught my song may avail,
no day shall e'er teach posterity to
forget you.

BUT hear and lay to heart my words, to
solace thy hard lot. The neighbouring
folk, when scourged through the length and

DUM iuga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis
amabit,
dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore
cicadae,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque
manebunt.
ut Baccho Cererique, tibi sic vota quotannis
agricolae facient : damnabis tu quoque votis.
E. 5, 76-80.

IN tenui labor : at tenuis non gloria, si quem
numina laeva sinunt auditque vocatus
Apollo.
G. 4, 6, 7.

FORTUNATI ambo ! si quid mea carmina
possunt,
nulla dies umquam memori vos eximet aevo.
A. 9, 446-7.

SED cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt

breadth of their cities, impelled by signs from heaven, with due rites shall appease thy bones, shall pile thee a mound, and send to it yearly offerings, and the place shall keep for ever the name of Palinurus.

FOR each man is fixed his span of days :
short is the term of life for all, and
none may retrieve it. But by great deeds to
annex new realms of glory, this is valour's
task.

NE'ER could I leave unsung the mis-
fortune of thy cruel death, thy valiant
deed, in hope the lapse of years may give
credit to exploit so mighty, nor thee, young
warrior deserving all renown.

THUS, though each bee come to the
bourne of its narrow span of life—
they do not live beyond their seventh summer,

et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollemnia
mittent,

aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.

A. 6, 377-81.

STAT sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile
tempus

omnibus est vitae; sed famam extendere
factis,

hoc virtutis opus.

A. 10, 467-9.

HIC mortis durae casum tuaque optima
facta,

si qua fidem tanto est operi latura vetustas,
non equidem nec te, iuvenis memorande,
silebo.

A. 10, 791-3.

ERGO ipsas quamvis angusti terminus aevi
excipiat (neque enim plus septima ducitur
aestas),

—still their race deathless abides, and through long years stands like a rock the future of their house, while the long roll of ancestry unfolds.

A GLORIOUS FUTURE ON EARTH

FEAR not, lady of Cythera : unaltered abides the destiny of thy people. The promised city shalt thou see, and walls of Lavinium, and high-souled Aeneas shalt thou raise soaring aloft to the stars of heaven.

NAY, that cruel Juno, who now troubles with terror earth and sky and sea, will see the error of her ways, and second me in protecting the race that wears the toga, the lords of the world, the sons of Rome.

THEN a cruel age shall grow kind and think of war no more. Ancient Honour and Vesta, and Quirinus with his brother

at genus immortale manet, multosque per
annos

stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.

G. 4, 206-9.

PARCE metu, Cytherea, manent immota
tuorum

fata tibi ; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
magnanimum Aenean.

A. 1, 258-60.

QUIN aspera Iuno,
quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque
fatigat,
consilia in melius referet mecumque fovebit
Romanos, rerum dominos gentemque togatam.

A. 1, 279-82.

ASPERA tum positis mitescent saecula
bellis ;

cana Fides et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinu

Remus, shall be law-givers ; the dread gates of war shall be closed fast with iron clamps. Curséd Frenzy, a prisoner within, sitting on his fierce arms, his hands fettered behind his back with a hundred knots of brass, shall send forth a horrible roaring from his mouth all dripping gore.

THEN shalt thou come to that western land, where Lydian Tiber flows through the rich fields of men in stately stream. There wait thee for the winning happy days, a realm and royal bride ; dry thy tears for me, thy loved Creusa.

YE hardy children of Dardanus, the very land which first gave you birth from the stock of your fathers shall welcome your returning on her bounteous breast. Seek ye then your ancient mother. Here shall the house of Aeneas hold dominion over all the lands, his sons' sons unto countless generations.

iura dabunt ; dirae ferro et compagibus artis
claudentur Belli portae ; Furor impius intus
saeva sedens super arma et centum vinctus
aenis

post tergum nodis fremet horridus ore cruento.

A. 1, 291-6.

ET terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius
arva

inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Thybris :
illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
parta tibi ; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.

A. 2, 781-4.

DARDANIDAE duri, quae vos a stirpe
parentum

prima tulit tellus, eadem vos ubere laeto
accipiet reduces ; antiquam exquirite matrem.
Hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris,
et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.

A. 3, 94-8.



WORK

TO A POET

FOR myself I doubt not how great the task, in words to master these things and add distinction to a lowly theme. But my impulse to sing carries me away o'er the lonely heights of sweet Parnassus, rejoicing to wander on the hill where those before me have made no track down the gentle slope to Castaly.

TO A QUEEN

I HAVE lived my life, I have run the course fortune fixed for me. Now I pass beneath the earth, the phantom of a queen. A glorious city have I builded. I have seen my new-made ramparts rise. I have avenged my lord, and exacted retribution from my enemy, my brother.

TO A LOVER

AT least set thou to do some one thing that daily need demands, and plait a basket of osiers and pliant rushes. If this one scorns thee, thou wilt find another Alexis to love.

NEC sum animi dubius verbis ea vincere
magnum

quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus
honorem ;

sed me Parnasi deserta per ardua dulcis
raptat amor ; iuvat ire iugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.

G. 3, 289-93.

VIXI, et quam dederat cursum fortuna
peregi,

et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia vidi,
ulta virum poenas inimico a fratre recepi.

A. 4, 653-6.

QUIN tu aliquid saltem potius, quorum
indiget usus,

viminibus mollique paras detexere iunco ?
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim.

E. 2, 71-3.

TO A FARMER

IN days when chilly rain keeps the farmer indoors, he may deal at leisure with many a task which else on a cloudless day he would presently have to despatch in haste.

COURAGE AND PERSEVERANCE HAVE
THEIR REWARD

FORTUNE will oftentimes bring a man his coveted prize.

FORTUNE befriends brave spirits.

A LITTLE band, but of valorous hearts that pant for fight.

FIRST, my son, must thou enfetter him ere he will tell thee all the cause of the disease and make the issue prosperous.

FRIGIDUS agricolam si quando continet
imber,
multa, forent quae post caelo properanda
sereno,
maturare datur.

G. I, 259-61.

ATTULIT ipse viris optatum casus
honorem.

A. 5, 201.

AUDENTES Fortuna iuvat.

A. 10, 284.

EXIGUI numero, sed bello vivida virtus.

A. 5, 754.

HIC tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiendus, ut
omnem

expediat morbi causam eventusque secundet.

Without force ne'er a counsel will he give,
nor shall you bend him by entreaty. Force,
adamantine force, bring thou to bear, and
fettters when thou holdest him. These round
him, at length will his wiles be foiled and
avail no more.

GODDESS-BORN, let us follow fate's ebb
and flow. Come what may, Fortune in
her worst mood will yield to patience.

NEVER cry quarter to your woes; rather
press forward with bolder step than your
evil star would warrant. The road to safety,
you will scarce believe, will first open up from
a Grecian city.

PRESS onward, as well thou mayst! Per-
chance on thy misery brighter days will
dawn.

Nam sine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque
illum
orando flectes ; vim duram et vincula capto
tende ; doli circum haec demum frangentur
inanes.

G. 4, 396-400.

NATE dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque
sequamur ;
quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna
ferendo est.

A. 5, 709, 10.

TU ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito
qua tua te fortuna sinet. Via prima
salutis,
quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe.

A. 6, 95-7.

PERGE ; decet. Forsan miseros meliora
sequentur.

A. 12. 153.

FROM me, my boy, learn courage and true
labour, from others, fortune.

IF hard the toil this season, the next it will
be light.

GREAT service he does his land who rakes
and breaks the lifeless clods, dragging
wicker hurdles over them. On him from
Olympus on high golden Ceres looks with no
meaningless smile. So with him who raises
the ridges in his first ploughing and yet again
wheels his plough and breaks through them
crosswise, and insistent tasks his ground,
making his fields feel all his sovereignty.

NOTHING but yields to toil, unflinching
toil, and the pressure of want in hard
times.

DISCE, puer, virtutem ex me verumque
laborem,
fortunam ex aliis.

A. 12, 435, 6.

SED tamen alternis facilis labor.

G. 1, 79.

MULTUM adeo, rastris glaebas qui frangit
inertes
vimineasque trahit crates, iuvat arva, neque
illum
flava Ceres alto nequiquam spectat Olympo ;
et qui proscisso quae suscitât aequore terga,
rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
exercetque frequens tellurem atque imperat
arvis.

G. 1, 94-100.

LABOR omnia vicit
improbis, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

G. 1, 145, 6.

REST AFTER TOIL

THEN, when they have laid them to rest in their chambers, silence reigns through the deepening night, and wearied limbs resign to welcome sleep.

ALL creatures o'er the wide earth in their sleep were casting loose from care, and hearts forgot their anguish.

IN a deep bay there is a natural harbour formed by an island's jutting sides, whereon breaks every wave as it rolls in from the main, sending its parted billows into retreating creeks. On either hand are huge cliffs with twin rocks menacing the sky, safe 'neath whose peaks stretch the waters unruffled, still. Above, a theatre of waving trees, the dark woodland with its dense shade overhanging all. Looking seaward is a cave formed by jutting rocks, wherein is fresh water and stone benches shaped by nature's hand, a very home for Nymphs. No hawser

POST, ubi iam thalamis se composuere,
siletur

in noctem, fessosque sopor suus occupat artus.

G. 4, 189, 90.

CETERA per terras omnes animalia somno
laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum.

A. 9, 224, 5.

EST in secessu longo locus : insula portum
efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab
alto

frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda
reductos.

hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique
minantur

in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
aequora tuta silent ; tum silvis scaena coruscis
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet
umbra ;

fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus
antrum,

here need moor the storm-tossed barque, nor
anchor hold it with curving grip.

LIVE on in happiness, as do they whose
adventures are o'er ; we are called on
from fate to fate. Your rest is won ; ye need
no more to plough the sea.

HERE, here shalt thou set up thine abode ;
depart not from thy dwelling. Be not
appalled by threats of war. All the rising
wrath of heaven hath subsided.

intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
nympharum domus. hic fessas non vincula
naves

ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.

A. 1, 159-69.

VIVITE felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata
vocamur.

Vobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor
arandum.

A. 3, 493-5.

HIC tibi certa domus, certi (ne absiste)
penates;

neu belli terrere minis; tumor omnis et irae
concessere deum.

A. 8, 39-41.

PATRIOTISM

‘CREATION’S MILDEST CHARMS ARE
THERE COMBINED’

IN this land the soil was ne’er turned by
fire-breathing bulls, no fierce serpent’s
teeth were sown, no thick crop sprang up of
warriors’ casques and spears. But instead
heavy-eared corn crops and Bacchus’ Massic
juice have invaded the whole land; it is garri-
soned—by olive trees and lusty herds. Hence
the charger careers proudly o’er the plain;
hence, Clitumnus, thy snowy flocks and the
mighty victim bull often dip them in thy
sacred waters ere they lead the triumphs in
Rome on to the temples of the gods. Here
spring knows no waning, and summer lingers
on to months it cannot claim. Twice breed
the cattle, twice does the tree tender service
of its fruit. Ravening tigers are not known,
nor the fierce lion’s cubs; there is no monks-
hood to cheat the poor herb-gleaner, the scaly
serpent speeds not o’er the ground his
monstrous curves, nor gathers his coils so
hugely as in other lands.

H AEC loca non tauri spirantes naribus
ignem

invertere satis immanis dentibus hydri,
nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit hastis ;
sed gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus umor
implevere : tenent oleae armentaque laeta.

Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert,
hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
victima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos.
Hic ver adsidium atque alienis mensibus
aestas :

bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rabidæ tigres absunt et saeva leonum
semina, nec miseros fallunt aconita legentes,
nec rapit immensos orbis per humum, neque
tanto

squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.

G. 2, 140-54.

AN IMPERIAL MISSION

OTHERS shall work breathing statues of
bronze to softer lines, ay, shall charm,
I trow, living features from marble, shall
plead their client's causes more eloquently,
and with the pencil mark out the pathways
of the sky, and tell what stars are due to
rise. Do thou, Roman, forget not to rule
the nations with might resistless. These
shall be thine arts, to dictate the terms of
peace, sparing the submissive, but crushing
the proud in war.

DOING AND FIGHTING FOR COUNTRY

YET howsoe'er posterity shall count the
deed, love of his country shall prevail,
and boundless desire for her glory.

THRICE happy they whose lot it was to
look death in the face beneath the
towering battlements of Troy, while their sires
looked proudly on.

EXCUDENT alii, spirantia mollius aera
(credo equidem), vivos ducent de
marmore vultus,
orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent :
tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere
morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

A. 6, 847-53.

UTCUMQUE ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriae laudumque immensa
cupido.

A. 6, 822, 3.

O TERQUE quaterque beati,
quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus
altis
contigit oppetere !

A. 1, 94-6.

A LAS, fly hence, goddess-born, save thyself
from these flames. The enemy holds the
walls: from her lofty pinnacles down falls
Troy. Enough hast thou done for king and
country.

O THER hands there are to strike for hearth
and home.

‘**H**EU fuge, nate dea, teque his,’ ait,
‘eripe flammis.

hostis habet muros ; ruit alto a culmine Troia.
sat patriae Priamoque datum.’

A. 2, 289-91.

SUNT alii qui tecta manu defendere possint.

A. 12, 627.

DEATH

THERE IS NO DEATH

TO this divine element they say all things
go back at last, and by dissolution
return. Death has no place. Living they fly
each into the place of a star, finding rest in
high heaven.

BURIAL

I PRAY there may be one to win my body
from the fray or ransom it with gold,
and lay me in the earth, or if any would hap
shall deny me this, to offer funeral gifts to my
absent corpse, and honour it with a tomb.

LET me but share my poor boy's sepulchre.

DEATH WITH HONOUR

YET with this thought, poor boy, may'st
thou find solace for thy sad end : 'tis by
the right hand of mighty Aeneas thou fallest.

SCILICET huc reddi deinde ac resoluta
referri

omnia, nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
sideris in numerum atque alto succedere caelo.

G. 4, 225-7.

SIT qui me raptum pugna pretiove re-
demptum

mandet humo, solita aut si qua id Fortuna
vetabit,

absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulcro.

A. 9, 213-5.

ET me consortem nati concede sepulcro.

A. 10, 906.

HOC tamen infelix miseram solabere
mortem :

Aeneae magni dextra cadis.

A. 10, 829, 30.

AT least, Evander, thou shalt not see a
recreant son, smitten with shameful
wounds.

IS it then so passing sad to die? Ye gods
of hell, I pray be gracious to me, since
the gods of heaven have turned their faces
from me. A spirit without stain and innocent
of the recreant's disgrace, I come down to
you, no degenerate son of my mighty fore-
fathers.

YET not devoid of honour hath thy queen
left thee in thy dying hour: thine end
shall not go noiseless through the world, nor
shall men know thee unavenged. For whoso
inflicted on thee the desecrating wound, he
hath deserved to die, and he shall pay.

NEVER, never shall we all die unavenged.

AT non, Evandre, pudendis
vulneribus pulsum aspicies.

A. 11, 55, 6.

USQUE adeone mori miserum est? Vos
o mihi, Manes,
este boni, quoniam superis aversa voluntas.
sancta ad vos anima atque istius nescia culpa
descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus
avorum.

A. 12, 646-9.

NON tamen indecorem tua te regina
reliquit
extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine
letum
per gentes erit aut famam patieris inultae.
Nam quicumque tuum violavit vulnere corpus
morte luet merita.

A. 11, 845-9.

NUMQUAM omnes hodie moriemur inulti.

A. 2, 670.

A HAPPY DEATH

THOU, my sainted wife, how happy in
thy death, that thou wast not spared to
feel this anguish.

TUQUE, o sanctissima coniunx,
felix morte tua neque in hunc servata
dolorem.

A. II, 158, 9.

MAN

SYMPATHY

ME too a like fortune, after tossing me on
a tumultuous sea of toil, has willed to
settle at last in this land. In suffering's school
have I learnt how to succour the wretched.

A THOUSAND chosen heroes he sends
to attend the last rites, and mingle
their tears with the tears of his sire. How
deep the grief, how shallow the solace !—Yet
such as is due to a mourning father.

BE it mine to pity the mischance of my
faultless friend.

HOWE'ER the day shall end, we share
the danger that threatens both, we shall
share a common deliverance.

ME quoque per multos similis fortuna
labores

iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

A. 1, 628-30.

MILLE viros, qui supremum comitentur
honorem,

intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus

exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.

A. 11, 61-3.

ME liceat casus miserari insontis amici.

A. 5, 350.

QUO res cumque cadent, unum et commune
periculum,

una salus ambobus erit.

A. 2, 709, 10.

GOODWILL

N OUGHT, my friend, hast thou left undone : every due hast thou paid to Deiphobus and to his shade.

W HOE'ER thou art, from this hour forget the Greeks you have lost : one of us shalt thou be.

CHILDREN

A ND now farewell ! Cherish in thy heart the love we bore our child.

I F but before your flight I had had a child begotten of thee, if my eye could but rest on some little Aeneas playing in my palace, whose face might yet image thine, then not so wholly should I feel myself duped and forsaken.

NIHIL o tibi, amice, relictum ;
Omnia Deiphobo solvisti et funeris umbris.
A. 6, 509, 10.

QUISQUIS es (amissos hinc iam oblivis-
cere Graios),
noster eris.
A. 2, 148, 9.

IAMQUE vale, et nati serva communis
amorem.
A. 2, 789.

SALTEM si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi parvulus
aula
luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
non equidem omnino capta ac deserta viderer.
A. 4, 327-30.

HOW glad they are, when the rain is
passed, once more to look to their tiny
young, their sweet nestlings.

LOVE

ALL that are in the earth, the race of men
and of beasts alike, the tribes of the sea,
cattle and gay-plumaged birds, consign them-
selves to passion's fiery furnace. None can
escape love.

RAIN is a blessing to young corn, arbutus
to weaned kids, the bending willow to
the breeding herd ; Amyntas alone to me.

FESTIVITY

WINTER, winter is the farmers' holiday.
'Tis when the frost is on the ground
he enjoys his store, rejoices with his neigh-
bours, and gives himself to interchange of

IUVAT imbris actis
progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos.

G. 1, 413, 4.

OMNE adeo genus in terris hominumque
ferarumque
et genus aequoreum, pecudes pictaeque volucres,
in furias ignemque ruunt : amor omnibus idem.

G. 3, 242-4.

DULCE satis umor, depulsis arbutus
haedis,
lenta salix feto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.

E. 3, 82, 3.

HIEMPS ignava colono:
frigoribus parto agricolae plerumque fruuntur,
mutuaeque inter se laeti convivia curant.
invitat genialis hiemps curasque resolvit,

hospitality. Merry winter, inviting him to joy, bids dull care begone, just as when laden barques make port at last, and merry sailors crown the stern with garlands.

IN their deep-dug caverns the people fleet the time carelessly beneath the earth : piles of logs and whole elms they roll up to the hearth and fling on to the fire. Here they pass the night in games, and merrily in their cups of service-berry barm imagine they are quaffing goblets of wine. Such is the wild race of men that lives under Charles's Wain, buffeted by the east wind from the Rhipaeian hills, and clad in the tawny hides of their cattle.

ceu pressae cum iam portum tetigere carinae,
puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.

G. 1, 299-304.

I PSI in defossis specubus secura sub alta
otia agunt terra, congestaque robora
totasque

advolvere focis ulmos ignique dedere.

Hic noctem ludo ducunt, et pocula laeti
fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.

Talis Hyperboreo septem subiecta trioni
gens effrena virum Rhipaeo tunditur Euro
et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora saetis.

G. 3, 376-83.

G O D

E

HIS ASSURANCE OF HELP

NEVER will I desert thee, till I stablish
thee safe in thy father's home.

HERE shall be the site of thy city, here
thine appointed rest from toil. . . .
The Fates shall find a way, and Apollo come
to thy call.

NOW too my purpose holds firm : away
with fear. In safety shall he reach
the haven of Avernus, even as thou desirest.

HIS WILL BE DONE

TRUE, the path of tillage is no easy one,
but it is by the ordinance of the
Heavenly Father himself, who was the first to
stir the fields by art, sharpening the wits of
man on the whetstone of trouble, nor suffering
His realm to lie motionless in heavy sloth.

NUSQUAM abero et tutum patrio te
limine sistam.

A. 2, 620.

IS locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
.

Fata viam invenient aderitque vocatus Apollo.

A. 3, 393, 5.

NUNC quoque mens eadem perstat mihi :
pelle timores.

Tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Averni.

A. 5, 812, 3.

PATER ipse colendi
haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque
per artem
movit agros curis acuens mortalia corda,
nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.

G. 1, 121-4.

RHIPEUS too falls ; of all the Trojans he
had lived the truest life, the staunchest
upholder of right. Heaven's ways are not as
ours.

HASTE ye away in flight. Had the
Dwellers in Heaven willed to prolong
my life, they would have saved my home
from ruin.

DEAR husband, in this surely is seen the
hand of Heaven. It may not be that
thou carry hence thy Creusa to share thy
wanderings, nor doth the Great Ruler of
high Olympus allow it.

TO Phoebus let us yield, and, as he bids,
follow wiser counsels.

SPARE me, spare thyself the vexation of
thy taunts ; 'tis not by choice I steer
for Italy.

CADIT et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi ;
Dis aliter visum.

A. 2, 426-8.

ME si caelicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
has mihi servassent sedes.

A. 2, 641, 2.

O DULCIS coniux, non haec sine numine
divum
eveniunt ; nec te hinc comitem asportare
Creusam
fas aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.

A. 2, 777-9.

CEDAMUS Phoebo et moniti meliora
sequamur.

A. 3, 188.

DESINE meque tuis incendere teque
querelis ;

Italiam non sponte sequor.

A. 4, 360, 1.

SEEST thou not that other strength is here, and that the favour of Heaven is turned from thee? Yield then to God.

HIS MERCIES HERE

COMRADES mine (in days gone by we have felt the pinch of trouble), ye who have borne heavier sorrows than these, to these also will God grant an end. Ye have looked the rage of Scylla in the face, and the cliffs whose caverns bellow, ye have dared the rocks of the Cyclops. Take heart then, and away with saddening fear; perchance some day we shall smile when we recall this hour. Mischances manifold and Fortune's many buffets do not stop our course to Latium, whither the Fates beckon us to home and rest; there the kingdom of Troy may by God's will rise again. Endure, live on to see better days.

NON vires alias conversaque numina sentis ?
Cede deo.

A. 5, 466, 7.

O SOCII (neque enim ignari sumus ante
malorum),

O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantes
accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopia saxa
expertī: revocate animos maestumque timorem
mittite ; forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
ostendunt ; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

A. 1, 198-207.

DO thou offer gifts with outstretched hands when thou prayest for pardon, and worship the merciful maidens of the glade ; they will grant thee grace in answer to thy vows, and lay aside their wrathful indignation.

THESE tempests of the soul, these Titanic struggles are quelled and laid to rest by a little handful of scattered dust.

HIS REWARDS HEREAFTER

BUT the Mighty Mother of the Gods wills that I tarry on these shores.

I HAUNT not loveless Tartarus nor the region of wailing ghosts ; but I live in sweet converse with the blest in Elysium.

TU munera supplex

Tende petens pacem, et faciles venerare

Napaeas ;

namque dabunt veniam votis, irasque remittent.

G. 4, 534-6.

HI motus animorum atque haec certamina
tanta

pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent.

G. 4, 86, 7.

SED me magna deum genetrix his detinet
oris.

A. 2, 788.

NON me impia namque

Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena
piorum

concilia Elysiumque colo.

A. 5, 733-5.

SO came they to the joyous land where the blest lie 'mid pleasant glades of green woodland, their happy dwelling-place. A freer air is there clothing the fields with a bright light ; their own sun have they, and their own stars.

.

WHAT joy they had in chariots and armour while they lived, what love of pasturing glossy steeds, that still follows them now that they are laid in earth.

.

HERE is a troop of heroes who suffered wounds while fighting their country's battles, those who were lifelong holy priests, or pious bards uttering song that Phoebus' self might hear, or who found out arts to smooth the path of life, and who by their service to men won a memory among them. The brows of all these are circled with snowy chaplets.

DEVENERE locos laetos et amoena vireta
 fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.

Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
 purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

A. 6, 638-41.

.

QUAE gratia currum
 armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
 pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

A. 6, 653-5.

.

HIC manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera
 passi,

quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
 quique pii vates et Phoebæ digna locuti,
 inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
 quique sui memores alios fecere merendo :
 omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

A. 6, 660-5.

HIM who once fared forth from his Etruscan home at Corythus, the golden palace of the star-spangled sky now welcomes on his throne, swelling 'the altar-roll of heaven.'

HINC illum Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede
 profectum
aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli
accipit, et numerum divorum altaribus auget.

A. 7, 209-11.

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